Moving On

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by CheekysMagic

Summary

> “He wanted us to live”
>
> “He left us to die”
>
> “But we didn’t. He was supposed to take me with him, we were all supposed to leave together.. He made a place for us”

Notes

> Will Graham is reminded of the one person who he did truly care for, only to remember she has been horrifically pulled from his life.
>
> Kudos and comments are appreciated <3

“He wanted us to live”

“He left us to die”

“But we didn’t. He was supposed to take me with him, we were all supposed to leave together.. He made a place for us”

“Abigail..”

Blinking rapidly, Will’s eyes opened to a room that was blurry and hazed. Will’s head hurt, agonised by a migraine which he could only assume was thanks to the dream still dancing around wickedly in his thoughts.

“Abigail..” He whispered, reiterating what he had said in his dream. Tears pricked in his eyes and he slumped his head back against the pillows of the bed he was laid in.

It was only a dream, she wasn’t coming back.

After what had happened, when Hannibal had brought the knife up to Abigail’s throat. When her blood splattered hot against his face and when it gushed out of her when Hannibal laid her on the floor. There was no way that she could have survived.

And yet, Will’s mind imagined her there. Imagined her walking into the hospital to meet him, imagined her coming to Italy with him. He imagined her talking, breathing and smiling alongside him.

To Will, she was as wicked as the Ravenstag.

Abigail eventually faded from his memories, nothing more than a dull ache whenever her name was mentioned. Alana would talk about her frequently to Will though he never said anything back about the matter, she had a right to talk about her though. Considering she pushed her out of a window.

“Abigail...” Will muttered again, sitting up in the bed and letting the sheets fall away from his body. His shirt was loose and his boxers felt too tight, sweat making them cling to his body as he became aware of the fever that took hold of him during his dream.

He lurched himself out of bed, sitting on the side as his mind drifted in and out; nausea making him feeling dizzy. When he finally found the strength to stand, Will immediately rushed to the bathroom and made short work of the toilet. Vomit gushing into the bowl as his stomach was quick to empty itself.

Will rested his head against the seat, vision jumping between clear and blurry in a way that caused Will’s head to ache. His skin prickled with heat and his limbs felt heavy and numb.

He believed he was surely dying, or that the encephalitis had come back with a vengeance. Whatever this was, Will knew he needed medical help.

The door swung open just as Will attempted to stand and immediately Hannibal Lecter was by his side, a hand running itself over his back in an attempt to soothe an ache that refused to budge.

A hand pressed itself against his sweaty forehead, brushing back the curls that stuck to it as he tried his hardest to look Hannibal in the face. His eyes were rolling back though, blurriness dominating any smidgen of clear vision he had left.

He could Hannibal calling his name but the sound of his voice was nothing more than an echo, so distant despite him being right there beside him.

The blur became stronger and it made Will's head hurt more, nothing would be more satisfying than sleeping right now. The world became darker around the edges and Will was aware he was about to pass out, so with his last words as he clung onto the last strings of consciousness, Will whispered.

"Abigail.."

"Will? Will can you hear me?"

Will's eyes flickered open, flinching at the bright light that filled them which told him one thing. He was in a hospital room. Nothing was more bright or yielding, especially when the scent of disinfectant filled his nose.

As his sight cleared, his automatic thought was to look over at whoever was saying his name. His smile was genuine when he saw Hannibal's face, his hand though shaky reaching up to cup his cheek. Will became aware of the IV currently poking out of it, making him sigh in frustration.

"What happened?" He asked, aware that his throat was dry and made him sound croaky. Hannibal handed him a cup of water which Will took gratefully, sipping it as the older man's lips began to move.

"You've been unconscious for about two days. You had a seizure back in the apartment so I called the hospital just in case it was your encephalitis relapsing. You're lucky however, as that was not the case"

Relief washed over Will like a cooling tidal wave, the other man embracing its touch as a smile curled at his lips and he could feel his spirits being lifted simultaneously. "So, what is wrong with me?"

There was a smile on Hannibal's face that Will couldn't quite understand. It was happy, exuberant and eager. As if he were expecting something and he just couldn't wait for it.

"Well the doctors did tests while you were unconscious and the results are quite promising"

Will's lip quirked, he was confused to say the least. What on earth was Hannibal talking about?

"Just get to it old man, what did the doctors find?"

Instead of giving a verbal answer, Hannibal reached over to the table next to Will's hospital bed and picked up a small photograph. He placed it photo-side down on his lap, waiting for Will to pick it up.

The younger man frowned, unsure of what to expect as he carefully took the photo in his hand and slowly lifted it up to his face. His heart suddenly jumped into his throat and Will found himself unable to breathe.

This was no ordinary photograph.

What the photo depicted was a sonogram, showing an embryo developing at around four weeks. At the bottom was white writing detailing the date, the doctor and finally the mother of the embryo.

In big, bold words the writing said:

WILLIAM GRAHAM

"Everything that happens, happens. It has to end well and it has to end badly. It has end every way it can. This is the way it has ended for us"

"We don't have an ending"

"He hasn't given us one yet. He wants us to find him"

"After everything he's done, you'd still go to him?"

"If everything that can happen, happens. Then you can never really do the wrong thing.. You're just doing what you're supposed to"

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